Supernatural; Lucifer/Castiel; "Don't fret, precious, I'm here."

I like the pairing and the ideas I get for it. Darkish, PG-13.

He doesn't have the strength to stand, let alone fight Lucifer when he appears.

Castiel is bleeding, bloody, and the thing he regrets most at this moment is that he doesn't have the Grace necessary to clean Jimmy's clothing.

He doesn't want the spreading red stains to stick, but that is something he can't help but want gone.

There is a hand in his hair, and his head is being dragged up to meet Lucifer's eyes, and all Castiel can think is that he is going to die, and he won't even have left Jimmy with clean clothing.

"You don't seem to know how to survive fights, even the ones you have won," Lucifer says, and Castiel can't even begin to wonder at what he means.

But Lucifer sighs and hauls him up, forcing Castiel to stand on unsteady legs.

His mind feels dizzy, and he feels like he's fading, drifting away.

But Lucifer puts a hand on his forehead and there is the sudden heat of a blast of power, and Castiel's mind sharpens into clear focus.

He blinks and the clothing is clean, and he has his sword, and Lucifer is smiling darkly.

"Your Winchesters are coming. I'm afraid our talk must wait for later," Lucifer says, and vanishes.

Csatiel has Grace in him, he is strong again, but he can feel it, can feel how it's not his own power.

He can feel Lucifer's taint in his bones, but he cannot reject it, and before he can think about it more Dean and Sam round the corner, coming into view.